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# The TATLER

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No. 2441

and BYSTANDER

London  
April 21, 1948

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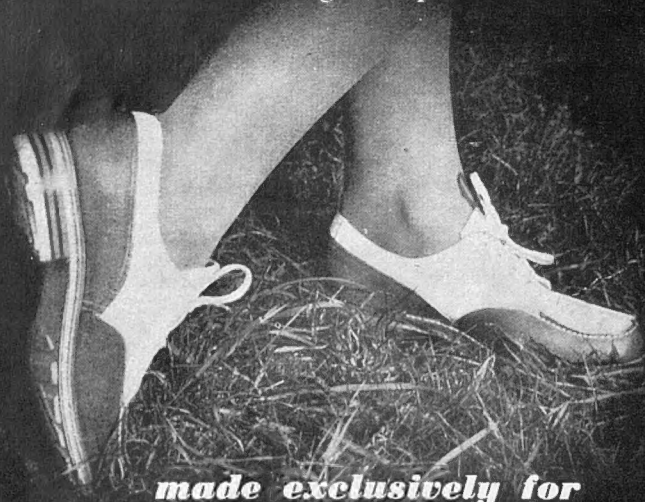
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LONDON  
APRIL 21, 1948

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Photograph by Baron

The King and Queen Celebrate Their Silver Wedding on Monday, April 26





# A Health unto Their Majesties

by Gordon Beckles

SUNSHINE and then rain, "the uncertain glory of an April day," rain and sunshine—of such was the London sky twenty-five years ago next Monday.

Memory is a capricious master.

Only two people can tell the true story of that Westminster Abbey wedding, which one moment seems but yesterday and the next appears as an event in a distant age. For the rest of us, the mere bystanders, memory is apt to bring forward the most irrelevant items.

I could recall one such, which was narrated by a guest at the Palace on that Royal wedding day. As the young couple were leaving in a landau for Waterloo Station in the afternoon, the guests rushed out into the forecourt—as they did for another young Elizabeth last autumn—and threw confetti. The Prince of Wales was a trifle late, so rolled all his ammunition into one bundle, and threw it with impeccable aim, corking his bridegroom brother bang in the eye.

Other fragments emerge.

The charming friend of mine who was at the Abbey that day told me that when the bride appeared inside the west doors she looked a trifle disconcerted and there was a pause. Then a tall Court official approached, holding as daintily as if it were Cinderella's slipper a small reticule which she had left in the carriage.

A few seconds later the girl who was one day to be Queen paused before the tomb of the Unknown Warrior and laid on it a bouquet of white roses which she carried. For her brother had been one of the lost million.

APRIL 1923!

What was one doing that day? And just before? The day afterwards? I remember the great crowds in the morning, and a lot of festivity at night, and going to a long-forgotten resort called the Grafton Galleries for a dance, and pictures in the evening papers of the Duke of York in full-dress R.A.F. uniform and the bride whom everyone was already calling "Betty."

The memory is blurred, and made no clearer by seeing, pasted to the back of my friend's picture of herself on that day, a description of the dress she wore. It looks to me like laundry-bag, but the legend runs thus: "A gown of almond-green crepe marocaine, entirely pleated, and a coat of ochre-coloured kasha embroidered with fine oxidized cords and threads of Persian design, with a hat of ochre crepe georgette with gold-embroidered quills."

And the dress worn by the bride?

Oh, no, there is something about every wedding gown that defies description, and is sacred and intimate, as the words of the marriage service.

It had come as a great surprise, a little over three months before.

Perhaps newspapers were not so obtrusively inquisitive as they may have become later, or maybe the young Duke of York was not so much in the public eye as his brother of Wales.

Then one January morning the papers were filled with the news of the "King and Queen's great pleasure," and the King's glad assent to the betrothal of his second son to the Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, daughter of the Earl of Strathmore and Kinghorne.

There were pictures of the bride-to-be, looking very sweet and tweedy in a cloche hat, and the young man who had proposed to her suitably modest by her side. She was twenty-two and he was twenty-seven just a month before.

"Just right," people said, perhaps little knowing how right they themselves were in such judgment!

The two had apparently met—in the sense of taking serious recognition of each other—some two years before when the Duke and Princess Mary visited the Strathmore home of Glamis Castle, and, her mother being ill, it fell to Elizabeth's lot to be hostess and show the visitors over that fabulous residence.

Macbeth's occupation of Glamis was but one of the legends attached to the castle.

Lady Elizabeth was one of Princess Mary's bridesmaids at her wedding to Lord Lascelles, and now the papers quickly made the whole nation aware of her ancestry, of the ancient Scottish family which dated itself from the reign of Richard II, and that her mother was daughter of a clergyman of the Cavendish-Bentinck family.

For a time the bride eclipsed the bridegroom, such being a prerogative of brides.

Albert Frederick Arthur George had been born on December 14, 1895, some eighteen months after his brother Edward, but more than the usual barrier between the firstborn and the rest of the family separated these two brothers. Since their father's accession in 1910 the heir to the Throne had had forced on him a monopoly of the limelight.

Prince Albert was the "quiet one," or the "serious one," who had followed Prince Edward to Osborne and Dartmouth without having the normal course of his education diverted, either by the war or the preparation thought necessary for a future sovereign.

Far from it! Prince Albert had his nose kept to the grindstone. He served in the fore-turret of H.M.S. Collingwood at the Battle of Jutland, and in the intervals of what must have been quite gruelling enough an experience for one day in a boy's life, made cocoa for the captain of the turret. Ill-health dogged him, forced his retirement from the Navy, saw him into the R.A.F. on a staff job, but did not prevent him leaving with the pride of having won his wings.

THEN he went up to Cambridge—to Trinity College—and for the next post-war year or so the public heard little of studious Prince Albert or his brother Prince Henry.

The King was perhaps a hard taskmaster. Prince Albert had always been a shy boy, and there had slowly developed in him a phobia. He felt that having started on a sentence he might never reach its end. Some might call it an "impediment in the speech" or even a "stutter."

Only those who have suffered these diseases of the imagination—a long street, perhaps, the end of which may never be reached—can know of the agony of mind they can inflict. When I first heard him I knew nothing of such things. It was at a Canada "July 1st" dinner in London in 1921. Hundreds were present, many wearing those "decorations" which tend to become rather absurdly profuse at the upper levels.

As the guest of this ornate assembly sat the Duke of York. He had to make the speech of the evening.

Only years later did I come to appreciate the character and the downright courage which he displayed on these occasions.

It must have been sheer hell.

To this shy, studious young man, animated by a growing social conscience and with all the sense of duty which the Navy had given him—to this Duke of York came the almost equally reserved Scots girl.

Memory then emerges with another of its disconcerting fragments.





Was it in 1924? Or 1925? At Wembley one day we suddenly found ourselves confronted by a charming young woman in blue. This was the Duchess of York. She looked absurdly young.

Next day I read that she was dressed—hat, costume, and parasol—in “Betty Blue.”

For a season the words “Betty Blue” were bandied about as to-day a less apt phrase is applied to the fashion of the moment. There was a revue number called the “Betty Blues.”

During these years of the twenties “the Yorks” were busy at the many arduous tasks accomplished by Royalty. There was a tour of East Africa, a world tour which embraced Australia and New Zealand, and sandwiched in between all this activity two rather important events: on April 21, 1926, there was born in Bruton Street, off Berkeley Square, a Princess Elizabeth Alexandra Mary and on August 21, 1930, a Princess Margaret Rose.

MEMORY then jumps a few years. Gradually it came to be realized that the union of these two was being blessed by one of the many miracles of marriage: the Duke had become a different man, less introspective, less nervous. His turn of the head and smile down at his wife was no conventional gesture.

It was a gesture of gratitude.

Then came the day of yellow December fog when Mr. Baldwin rose from the Treasury bench and walked to the Bar of the House and announced: “A message from His Majesty the King, signed by His Majesty’s own hand.”

Later that afternoon of December 10, 1936, I was walking along Piccadilly, and the news-vendors were carrying the contents bills telling of the Abdication. As I passed No. 145 Piccadilly a car swept out of the drive, and whether or not the Duke and Duchess were in the car, the crowd believed that they were, and several raised their hats. One man by the kerb shook his head and muttered: “God bless ‘em, God bless ‘em!”

That night *The Times* carried an anonymous *ballon d’essai* in its letter columns suggesting that, of the various names available, “our pride in the past would be restored if George were selected.” The next morning the Court Circular achieved the unique feat of embracing two reigns. The new monarch’s title, it was later learned, would be King George the Sixth.

PERHAPS the general public first became aware of a change in the King when, after a pause, he resumed the Christmas Day broadcasts started by his father. Lo and behold, here was the very resonance of voice and firmness of enunciation which had characterized the old monarch’s forever memorable broadcasts! Every year since, the likeness of son to father seems to have grown.

Memories come tumbling in now.

The King and Queen in Belfast, the King and the Queen staying at the Quai d’Orsay in the summer of 1938, the Friday morning in September, 1940, when the enemy had the impertinence to bomb Buckingham Palace, the Queen in the East End, the two princesses growing up, the King and Queen on the balcony in May, 1945, the drive in an open landau to the St. Paul’s service—down to a morning last week when the King and Queen drove out to the Roosevelt Memorial unveiling on a day which cried, “Sweet April! Many a thought is wedded unto thee as hearts are wed.”

Twenty-five years! A quarter of a century since that morning when they heard the words “for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness, and in health, to love and to cherish...”

Twenty-five years, the true story of which can only be told by two people.

God bless them!



PRINCESS ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH, who is twenty-two years old to-day. This last year has been a happy and eventful one for the Princess. It began with her speech from Cape Town where she celebrated her twenty-first birthday, and where in her own words she dedicated herself to the service of the Empire and all its peoples. In July her engagement was announced to the Duke of Edinburgh, then Lieut. Philip Mountbatten, and they were married on November 20—an occasion of general rejoicing and approval all over the world. To-day the King’s subjects everywhere join in wishing her all health and happiness in the coming year



# LAUGHTER AND HOOP-LA!

MRS. F. D. ROOSEVELT ATTENDED



Miss Sharman Douglas (centre), daughter of the U.S. Ambassador, gets ready to throw at the hoop-la! stall



Mr. Brian Buchel and Lady Baron, wife of Sir Edward Baron were two of the guests at the Dorchester



Mrs. Walker with Earl Beatty, whose mother was an American



Captain J. B. Pearson, of the United States Navy, with his wife



The evening's proceedings were enlivened by Olsen and Johnson, who, with Zoe Gail, are seen playing hoop-la! with characteristic expressions



Miss Kathleen Eels with Mr. Rupert Gunnis, the Hon. John Lindsay-Bethune younger son of the Earl of Lindsay, and Colonel Eels



Mr. T. P. Shields-Watts and Miss Lizabeth St. Denis take refreshment during an interval in the dancing

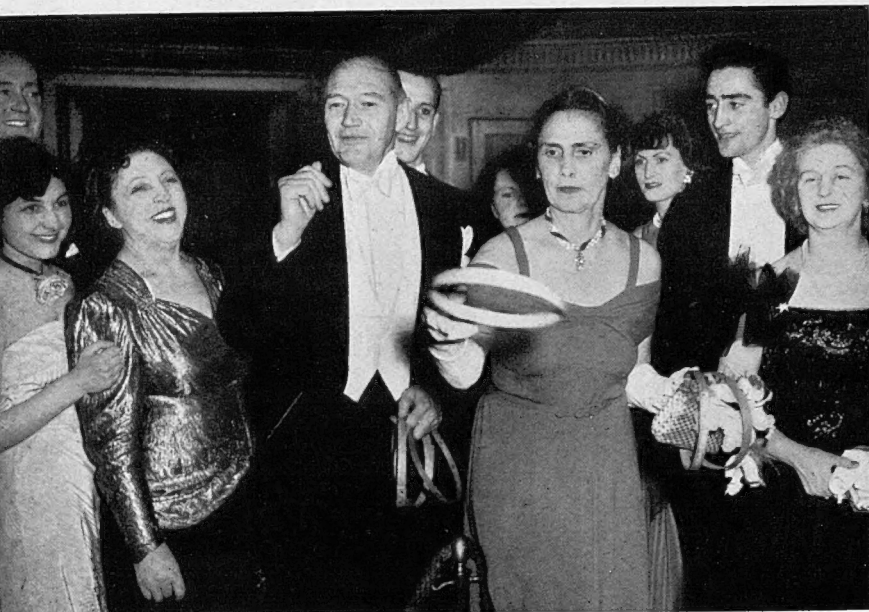


Captain and Mrs. S. Dawes, Mr. C. G. Norman, Mrs. Bernard Hill, vice-chairman of the Ball Committee, Mr. Bernard Hill and Mrs. C. G. Norman



# AT LONDON'S AMERICAN BALL

BRILLIANT FRIENDSHIP NIGHT



*The U.S. Ambassador, the Hon. Lewis W. Douglas, and Mrs. Douglas were also among those whose powers of concentration were taxed to the utmost at hoop-la!*



*Mrs. J. Wilson, Mrs. Michael Webster, Mr. Michael Webster and Mr. Jeremy Wilson. The Ball was arranged by the American Legion Auxiliary, London Unit No. 1*



*Mrs. Charles Andrews, Hon. and Mrs. William Rollo, and Mr. Charles Andrews. The Ball inaugurated a fund against infantile paralysis in Great Britain*



*Mrs. Roosevelt arriving. She had a tremendous reception from the company*





*H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth, Viscountess Greenwood and Viscount Greenwood, who is Chairman of the Franklin Roosevelt Memorial Committee, on arrival at the Savoy Hotel where the dinner was held*

## THE PILGRIMS' DINNER

Mrs. Roosevelt: "My Husband was 'Valiant for Friendship'"

**The Prime Minister:** "We can all recall vividly those dark days when the British Commonwealth and Empire stood alone, when, though our faith in victory never faltered, we had no clear view as to how that victory could be attained. There was one gleam of light on that cloudy horizon. We knew that across the Atlantic there was a great democracy with the same principles as those for which we were fighting, and that at its head was a man of dauntless courage and vision who understood what were the issues at stake. We knew that in him Britain had a great and faithful friend"

**Mr. Winston Churchill:** "At this moment when we celebrate the setting up of the fine Roosevelt statue, it recalls to me the human figure whom I loved and honoured. And to-night we must ascribe to Mrs. Roosevelt the marvellous fact that he grappled victoriously with a cruel affliction, and was able for more than ten years to ride the storms of peace and war at the summit of the United States. The debt we owe to President Roosevelt is also owed to her. I am sure that she feels around her to-night in this old parent land . . . that she has the esteem and affection of the whole British people"





The Prime Minister and Mrs. Atlee arriving at the Savoy for the dinner. The Prime Minister made one of the three speeches of the evening



Mr. Winston Churchill, wearing the Order of Merit, who received a great ovation, arriving with Mrs. Churchill



Lord Queenborough and Baroness Ravensdale being received by Sir Campbell Stuart, who is Treasurer of the Roosevelt Memorial Committee



Mrs. Roosevelt receiving Lady Board, wife of Sir Archibald Vyvyan Board, who, with her husband, was among the 750 guests at the dinner



Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt chatting to Mr. Lewis Douglas, the U.S. Ambassador in London, during the reception which preceded the dinner



Mrs. Roosevelt receiving guests, who included distinguished representatives of this country, the Commonwealth and Empire and the United States





Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt talking to Queen Mary after the ceremony. On the left are Princess Elizabeth, Princess Margaret, Prince Michael with the Duchess of Kent, and Lady Greenwood. Behind is Mr. Henry S. Hooker, President Truman's personal representative. The Prime Minister is talking to the Queen, and on the right the King is chatting to Field-Marshal Viscount Alexander, Governor-General of Canada

## THE ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL UNVEILED



Mr. Ernest Bevin, the Foreign Secretary, walking to the Royal dais



Mr. Attlee, Sir Harry Brittain, the Hon. Lewis Douglas, U.S. Ambassador, and the Earl of Halifax, wartime Ambassador in Washington



Mr. Winston Churchill was there to pay tribute to his old friend



The Archbishop of Canterbury on his way to conduct the service



The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester arriving in company with the Speaker of the House of Commons, Lt.-Col. G. B. Clifton-Brown



The Home Secretary, Mr. J. Chuter Ede, with Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery





*In the spring silence Mrs. Roosevelt, accompanied by H.M. the King, unveils the statue of the great President, to whose memory Grosvenor Square, with its beautiful memorial garden, is thus dedicated for all time*





**THE WEDDING GROUP** at Buckingham Palace after Their Majesties, then Duke and Duchess of York, had been married at Westminster Abbey on April 26th, 1923. His Majesty wore the uniform of a Group Captain of the Royal Air Force and King George V. that of Admiral of the Fleet, while Queen Mary wore the Order of the Garter. On the Queen's right hand are her parents, the late Earl and Countess of Strathmore

*Jennifer writes*

## HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

**Court News:** We all will wish to congratulate our much-loved Majesties the King and Queen on their Silver Wedding day, and to wish them many more years of happiness together.

To celebrate the occasion they will drive together to St. Paul's Cathedral for a Thanksgiving Service, when they will be accompanied by other members of the Royal family. Few, if any, couples in British history have endeared themselves more greatly to their people than our present King and Queen, who with their simple charm and understanding have communicated the happiness of their own married life to their subjects everywhere.

After the ceremony there will be a family luncheon-party of fifty, when among the chief guests will be Queen Mary, Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh, Princess Margaret, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and their children, the Duchess of Kent and her children, the Princess Royal with her sons, the Earl of Harewood and the Hon. Gerald Lascelles, and Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone. White flowers will be evident in profusion in the State apartments, and in one of these rooms will be two big wedding cakes, which the King and Queen will cut with their family gathered around them, while millions of people all over the world will join in wishing long life and happiness to Their Majesties and their family. In the evening there will be a dinner-party, followed by a small dance, for which Sir Piers Legh, at Their Majesties' commands, has sent out about

two hundred invitations. On the following evening there will be the official party at the Palace on a much larger scale.

HER many friends in England have been delighted at the opportunity of meeting Mrs. Roosevelt during her two-weeks visit to this country for the unveiling of the memorial to her late husband, President Roosevelt. For her first week-end in England Mrs. Roosevelt was the guest of the King and Queen at Windsor Castle, and on the Saturday night they gave a State dinner in her honour. This was held in the Waterloo Chamber, and among those present were H.M. Queen Mary, Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh, Princess Margaret, Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill, the U.S. Ambassador and Mrs. Douglas and their son and daughter. After dinner they played "The Game," an amusing after-dinner diversion popular in America for several years and now played frequently in English homes.

Mrs. Roosevelt left Windsor Castle on the Monday and started on her very full list of engagements, which had all been most ably fitted in by Sir Campbell Stuart, who spent some time in the U.S. after World War One and is now treasurer of the Roosevelt Memorial Fund and chairman of the finance committee of the Pilgrims Society, and was responsible for all the arrangements of Mrs. Roosevelt's visit. Her engagements that day included a reception at the American Women's Club in Upper Brook Street when, wearing a grey dress and jacket, and small, flower-trimmed hat, and a spray of yellow orchids on her corsage, she received the guests with the president, Mrs. Beechcroft, the vice-president, Mrs. Thompson Schwab, Mrs. Curtis Brown and Mrs. Warren Pearl.

Among members I saw at this party were American-born Lady Ward, who is the only

daughter of the late Mr. Whitelaw Reid, Lady Salter, Mrs. David Thomasson, Lady Alistair Innes-Kerr, looking very attractive, Mrs. Theodore Luling, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Salisbury, Mr. Stuart Pearl and his sister Susan, Mrs. Rothermel, Mrs. Hammersley, Mrs. George Grazebrook and Lady Eardley Wilmot.

LATER that evening Mrs. Roosevelt dined with that very popular and delightful couple, the United States Ambassador and Mrs. Douglas, at their Embassy residence in Princes Gate, and afterwards attended the reception given in her honour. Wearing black lace, she stood for nearly two hours at the top of the wide staircase receiving the guests with Mrs. Douglas, who looked very chic in black ciré satin. It was one of the best and most "pre-war" parties I have been to for years. H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent looked simply beautiful in a pale lavender blue dress, with which she wore a superb two-row diamond choker necklace and diamond earrings and diamond bracelets over her long white gloves, and she was laughing gaily with Mr. Bob Coe and Mr. Philip Warburg, both of the U.S. Embassy. Mrs. Attlee, accompanied by the Prime Minister, told me she was enjoying her first evening party since her illness. Mrs. Ernest Bevin was accompanied by the Foreign Minister, who was looking very overtired. The Belgian Ambassador was accompanied by Vicomtesse de Thieussies, and the French Ambassador was chatting to the Duchess of Marlborough and Lady Baillie, while a little farther on Mme. Massigli, in a spotted dress with a halter neckline, was talking to her very charming host.

The Chinese Ambassador and Mme. Cheng were talking to General Bissell and Mr. and Mrs. Brian Buchel, the latter looking most attractive in black. I met the Earl of Bessborough accompanied by his lovely French-born wife, wearing an exquisite black faille dress,



and the Dowager Lady Swaythling, very sweet in blue with lovely jewels. Viscount Harcourt was accompanied by his wife, who wore a lovely diamond necklace with her black dress. Lady Alexandra Metcalfe, very attractive, was chatting to Mr. Walter Graebner and wore some fine rubies and diamonds with her red satin dress. Mrs. Neville Chamberlain was the centre of a group of friends, and near by I saw Mrs. Cazalet-Keir chatting to Leola Duchess of Westminster, both recently returned from the West Indies. Near by were Mr. and Mrs. John Osborne talking to Mr. and Mrs. Hector McNeil and Admiral Tomlinson, of the U.S.N., who has just arrived in London.

MISS SHARMAN DOUGLAS, who looked really enchanting in a very full-skirted white tulle dress, helped her parents entertain their guests. Among others I saw were Lady Cynthia Colville, Mr. Henry Stebbing, the Chilean Ambassador, the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Fermoy, who both have American mothers, Lord Barnby and his attractive American-born wife, Admiral Tulley Shelley, Mr. Simon Elwes, Lady Woolton with Lord Woolton, who was talking to Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd, Lord and Lady Ebbisham, Lady Kemsley, Sir Louis Greig, Lady Jovitt, Major Norman Fraser, Mr. Fred Hall, of the U.S. Army, Colonel and Mrs. Ackerman, the Assistant Military Air Attaché at the U.S. Embassy, and Sir John Monck.

THE following night Mrs. Roosevelt was the guest of Sir John Anderson, chairman of the Covent Garden Opera Trust, and Lady Anderson in the Royal Box at Covent Garden for the first performance this season of Tyrone Guthrie's production of *La Traviata*, in which the blonde Viennese Elisabeth Schwarzkopf sings so magnificently and looks so lovely as the Lady of the Camellias. Mrs. Roosevelt wore a short white ermine jacket over a black lace dress, and Lady Anderson, who looked charming in a dress of cream-coloured faille embroidered in gold, had arranged a delicious supper, which was sent in from her home in Westminster and served in the sitting-room behind the Royal Box during the intervals.

Other guests in the party were Ambassador Hooker, Lord and Lady Greenwood, Sir John and Lady Maude, Miss Malvina Thompson, Sir Campbell Stuart, and Sir Kenneth and Lady Clarke, who joined the party for supper but watched the opera from another box near by with their young family. Also in the audience that night I saw the Earl of Harewood with his cousin, Miss Caroline Lascelles, and a party of young friends, Lord and Lady Vivian with their very pretty daughter Sally, Mrs. Ingleby Mackenzie with her debutante daughter, Felicity, and her Etonian son, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolf Byng and Miss Vivienne Mosley, very good-looking in black.

THE following day the Prime Minister and Mrs. Attlee gave a reception in Mrs. Roosevelt's honour at 10, Downing Street, when Cabinet Ministers, Members of both Houses of Parliament and many members of the Corps Diplomatique were present. Next day Mrs. Roosevelt also went to Downing Street, but this was to have tea quietly with the Prime Minister and Mrs. Attlee, and from here she went on to the House of Lords for the reception given in her honour by the Lord Chancellor and Viscountess Jovitt. One day she went down to the Royal Naval College at Greenwich and was taken around the College by the President, Vice-Admiral Sir Patrick Brind. Afterwards she lunched with Admiral Conolly aboard his flagship, U.S.S. *Fresno*, when his other guests included the American Ambassador and Mrs. Douglas, Vice-Admiral Sir Patrick and Lady Brind, Ambassador

Hooker, Rear-Admiral George Hendon, the U.S. Chief of Staff, and Mrs. Hendon, Commander Tulley Shelley and, of course, Captain W. G. Michelet, who commands the *Fresno*.

NEXT day, in brilliant sunshine, Mrs. Roosevelt unveiled the Memorial to her late husband, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, in Grosvenor Square, where gay flower-beds are in full bloom. The ceremony was conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and started with the choir of St. Paul's Cathedral singing "The Lord is My Shepherd." Then H.M. the King gave an address, while Mrs. Roosevelt sat quietly, obviously very moved by the King's words. At the conclusion of his address His Majesty accompanied her to the base of the Memorial, where she unveiled the statue. The King then laid a magnificent wreath of grape hyacinths and red roses at the foot of the Memorial, followed by tall and charming Ambassador Hooker, who laid a wreath from President Truman, and Viscount Greenwood, who laid one on behalf of the Pilgrims.

H.E. the U.S. Ambassador replied to the King's Address, and then everyone joined in singing the rousing Battle Hymn of the Republic. To end the ceremony the Archbishop pronounced the Benediction, and the Revêille was played by bugles of the Royal Marines, followed by the National Anthem.

After the ceremony Their Majesties the King and Queen, the latter in pale grey, walked over to inspect more closely the statue. Other members of the Royal Family and distinguished guests who followed them included H.M. Queen Mary in palest lavender, with Princess Elizabeth in her "going away" ensemble, the Duke of Edinburgh, Mrs. Roosevelt, who wore a black coat over a black-and-white printed dress, Princess Margaret, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of Kent with her three children, Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone, Ambassador Hooker, the U.S. Ambassador with Mrs. Douglas, the Prime Minister and Mrs.



ON THE HONEYMOON, part of which was spent at Polesden Lacy, near Dorking, placed at the disposal of the Royal couple by the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Greville, and part at Glamis, the Queen's birthplace

Attlee, who was in grey, Mr. Winston Churchill, and the Foreign Minister with Mrs. Bevin.

Among others with Their Majesties were the Prime Minister for Northern Ireland, Sir Oliver and Lady Franks, Sir Campbell Stuart, the Earl and Countess of Halifax, Viscount and Viscountess Greenwood, the Lord Chancellor and Viscountess Jovitt, Viscount Alexander, the young Earl of Derby, Mr. and Mrs. Gallman, Sir Stafford Cripps, Mr. Hector McNeil, the Countess of Shaftesbury, Lord Ismay, Viscount and Viscountess Simon and Sir Ronald Adam.



THE CHRISTENING of Princess Elizabeth took place in the private chapel at Buckingham Palace in May 1926, and was conducted by the late Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. William Temple, then Archbishop of York. Water from the River Jordan was used for the christening, and the Princess's robe was of old Brussels lace

THAT night I went to the Pilgrims Dinner at the Savoy, where Mrs. Roosevelt, wearing a black lace dress under a short white ermine coat, was the guest of honour. It was an impressive scene, the largest dinner in the history of the Pilgrims, with 800 guests. Lovely vases of mixed spring flowers were everywhere and the Union Jack and Stars and Stripes hung over the picture of the Pilgrims crest, while in a corner stood a small replica of the statue unveiled that morning, which Lord Greenwood at the end of the evening presented to Mrs. Roosevelt on behalf of the Pilgrims. In accepting it Mrs. Roosevelt said it would go back with her to the museum at Hyde Park, where thousands of U.S. citizens would be able to see it.

I was interested to see that the formal custom of each man giving his arm to the lady to sit on his right as they went in to dinner was observed by some of the principal guests. Lord Greenwood, chairman of the Pilgrims, led the way with Mrs. Roosevelt, followed by the U.S. Ambassador with Princess Elizabeth, in a full-skirted pink dress and who wore the magnificent sunray diamond necklace which was one of her wedding presents. The Duke of Edinburgh escorted Mrs. Douglas, the Duke of Gloucester escorted Lady Greenwood, who wore a lovely brocade dress and tiara, while the Duchess of Gloucester was escorted by Dr. Fisher, the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The room literally bristled with celebrities, many of the men wearing orders and wonderful displays of medals. Many of the women wore orders and medals, too, and their jewels were fitting to the occasion.

After an excellent dinner the speeches were interesting, ending with Mr. Winston Churchill, a great personal friend of the late President Roosevelt, who got a great ovation. In his speech he paid tribute to the memory of the late President, who he said was the greatest American friend Britain had ever had, and the foremost champion of freedom and justice.





**THE CORONATION, 1937:** *The King is seated in the Chair of King Edward containing the Stone of Scone. He has been crowned but not enthroned. On either side of the throne stand the Earl Marshal (the Duke of Norfolk) and the Bishops of Durham and Bath and Wells. The Archbishop of Canterbury is standing to the right in front of the throne. The Queen is sitting in one of "the Chairs of Estate" on the left with her attendant Bishops of Blackburn and St. Albans. Behind her are her train-bearers, while in front of the thrones stand the nine pages*





**AT ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER, 1936:** The Queen and the Princesses attend the wedding of Mr. John Wills and the Hon. Jean Elphinstone



**AT WINDSOR CASTLE, 1938:** The King and Queen with Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret inspect Boy Scouts at a parade held at the castle



**AT THE ROYAL LODGE, WINDSOR, 1940:** A happy family picture of Their Majesties and their daughters during a brief respite from the cares of that dark year



**AT WINDSOR, 1943:** The King, accompanied by the Queen and Princess Elizabeth, takes the salute at a parade and inspection of the Boys' Brigade: one of the multitude of occasions on which Their Majesties, giving a magnificent example of devotion to duty, encouraged their people from the beginning of the war to its victorious end





*The King with three of his Golden Labradors and the Corgi Chu-Chu in the garden of the Royal Lodge during the summer of 1936*

*The Princesses in June 1936, then ten and five years old respectively, playing with sleepy Jane*

## TEN YEARS WITH THE ROYAL

*Photographs by*



*A happy interlude in May 1944 with the French pony cart in the grounds of Windsor Castle*



*The King and Queen hold a wartime conference with their daughters in the salon at the Royal Lodge in the spring of 1942*

*The Princesses giving tit-bits to the handsome Norwegian foals Odd and Rolfe in the Home Park*





*The Queen invites Jane's assistance in the winding of a ball of wool for war comforts in 1940*



THE TATLER  
and Bystander  
APRIL 21, 1948  
79

*The Princesses, who had various war jobs allotted to them, have here been interrupted at their knitting*

## FAMILY: A WINDSOR ALBUM

Studio Lisa



*Princess Elizabeth takes her mother for a ride in the pony cart, escorted by the dogs Ching, Crackers and Sue*



*A picture taken two years ago of the King with Princess Elizabeth, Princess Margaret and Sue*



*The King enjoys a good joke with his elder daughter while strolling in the garden of the Royal Lodge in July 1946*





# THEIR MAJESTIES AT HOME

WHEN Queen Victoria and Prince Albert set an example of placid and untroubled home life to the nation—in agreeable contrast to some of their predecessors—they could not, perhaps, have foreseen its future importance, and happy consequences, in their great-grandson's reign. In an age of stormy politics, both internal and foreign, of totalitarian war and quaking moral values, a steady lead from the Throne on the level of personal and domestic affairs has been of a value beyond count. By the King and Queen, as by King George V and Queen Mary before them, the country is given a clear view of the discipline which, as well as the pleasures, is a component of a united and affectionate family. And at a time when the word "democracy" has taken on many strange interpretations, Their Majesties have demonstrated in their private life, to the entire satisfaction of their subjects, exactly what the word means.

In this photograph the King and Queen are seen in the Blue Drawing-room at Buckingham Palace, seeking an evening's quiet relaxation after a day of State duties and closely-spaced engagements. Her Majesty is an accomplished pianist, and her practical appreciation of music has played an important part in maintaining the standards of culture which are to-day naturally associated—as at one time they were not—with the Royal Family.

Another occupation they have both much at heart is gardening—than which no other could recommend them more to the goodwill of their subjects—and they have made many improvements in the grounds of the Royal residences, especially Royal Lodge, Windsor, which was built in 1814 for the Prince Regent by John Nash. Closely associated with their life as Duke and Duchess of York, and the childhood of the Princesses, the Royal Lodge is still the principal home where they take a few days' rest from their duties. Windsor is, indeed, very much Their Majesties' "home town," and far from being merely a setting for regal pomp. Without loss of dignity they have interested themselves in its activities in a way familiar to anybody who has lived in one of our pleasant country towns.

Though Buckingham Palace is the focus of Their Majesties' lives nowadays—and the sight of the Royal Standard flying over it is always a heartening sight to Londoners—whether here, at the Royal Lodge, or at Sandringham or Balmoral, the arrival of the King and Queen is welcome news. For the people, of every degree, feel that they are greeting not only the Sovereign and his Consort, but friends whose preoccupations, apart from high affairs of State, are the same as their own. And the people are right.

Photograph by  
Baron



Freda Bruce Lockhart

[ Decoration  
by Hoffnung ]

# At the Pictures

## Queer Fish

**M**ERMAIDS, Welsh witches, good Germans pinning away in the ruins of post-war Berlin out of shame for the war-crimes of their superior officers—none of the new films can be said to be about normal people.

Suitably enough, the most alluring of the freaks is the mermaid, *Miranda*, at the Odeon, Leicester Square. I missed the original stage version, but the reviews gave the impression that it was only moderate. Peter Blackmore, the dramatist, has made his own screen-play (with one additional dialogue writer) and that, too, is only moderate, with innuendo often the substitute for wit. His invention, however, is genuinely original and of the kind which the cinema's box of tricks can realise more convincingly, I feel sure, than the theatre's illusion.

There is no fantasy in the creation of this mermaid, no straining after consistency. From the moment Dr. Marten (Griffith Jones), on a fishing holiday in Cornwall without his wife, hooks a mermaid (Glynis Johns; tail by Dunlop) and is landed in her cave, her existence is accepted as a plain matter of fact. So we accept it too—and are amused. To get back to dry land, the doctor has to promise to take the Lorelei back to London, introducing her to his charming wife (Googie Withers) as a very special patient who cannot walk. By the time he has carried Miranda into his flat (Gainsborough intimate interior style) we are as ready to take her for granted as is the eccentric nurse (Margaret Rutherford in her blithest spirits), who takes one look at the mermaid asleep in the bath and exclaims in rapture: "How delicious—I've always believed in them."

Miranda's very partially house-trained habits form a slender enough central joke: her diet of raw fish sandwiches, cockles by the quart, the sea-lion's ration and elevenses out of her hostess's goldfish bowl; her musical ambitions to change her siren song for *Traviata* at Covent Garden; or her shameless designs on every male who lends a hand to carry her. Thanks to Glynis Johns' perfect blend of cool innocence and malicious glee, it does not wear thin, but remains a very welcome if very light relief. The rest of the cast is uneven, with some of the players not quite up to their parts, and others, like Googie Withers and Yvonne Owen—as a very over-dressed maid—wasted. Of the mermaid's victims-designate, only David Tomlinson as the butler has the true sense of the serio-ridiculous.

**A**t the New Gallery, *The Three Weird Sisters* are the Misses Morgan-Vaughan, deaf, blind and crippled patronesses of a Welsh mining village and living on delusions of departed grandeur in a more than usually probable manor-house. This is a most baffling picture, suggesting that the various people concerned in making it had widely different intentions, that the producer's left hand really did not know what the director's right hand was doing.

So many elements in the picture are so excellent that I kept expecting it to turn into a good film of some kind, though whether of the Celtic mystic bard or the Aunts Silas was never clear. Careful casting and characterisation, especially of the Welsh supporting parts, and observant settings contrive more than usually convincing regional atmosphere. Above all, the detectable hand of the Welsh poet, Dylan Thomas, on the

screen-play gives the dialogue quite exceptional distinction and vitality.

I imagine the character of the unloving half-brother (superbly realised by Raymond Lovell) was peculiarly Mr. Thomas's creation. On his homecoming to castigate his sisters for their extravagance, he vents Mr. Thomas's own spleen against his compatriots: "little black, back-biting hypocrites"; and on the morning after his sister's doctored sherry, complains of a mouth "like a dog's basket."

**D**IALOGUE of this pungency is so rare in British films that it quite deceived me.

Right up to the last moment I went on hoping that the film must turn into either a serious family problem picture or at least a high-grade creepy. Seldom have I seen a film let itself down so flat. Many good stories are ruined in the studio. In this case the original story (or the first synopsis of the novel) would seem to be the trouble. How the same producer who selected such a pointless, senseless piece could have thought it worth choosing Mr. Thomas to write the screen-play is one of the paradoxes of picture-making.

Of the three weird sisters, played by Nancy Price, Mary Clare and Mary Merrall, Miss Clare has the surest and most apt sense of the grotesque. Besides Mr. Lovell, it is the host of Welsh character actors who measure up to Mr. Thomas. It is good to see Nova Pilbeam back on the screen, though unfortunately she has nothing to do worth doing. If this absurd picture proves anything, it is that poets, rather than novelists or dramatists, may be the best screen-writers.



**R**EACTIONS to the first post-war German film inevitably depend to some extent on individual opinions of pre-war German films—and of the Germans. *The Murderers Are Amongst Us* seems to me to have all the old sickening faults: the ponderous slowness, thick, heavy photography, maudlin sentimentality, vulgar cabarets and morbid psychology. The new emphasis is on self-pity.

Of course, serious film-making in the Soviet zone must be subject to severe limitations. If servile propaganda is to be eschewed, self-pity among the ruins must be one of the few relatively safe topics. Certainly the Berliners have cause for self-pity, even if self-reproach might be mixed with the recriminations. But self-pity is, however unjustly, the least appealing of emotions—and for the first three-quarters of an hour there is little else, as the hero wanders haggard-eyed through the black ruins, refusing to give up the room where he squats in squalor behind torn paper windows when the pretty owner of the flat comes back quite clean and neat after three years in a concentration camp, and rejecting even her *hausfrau* insistence on sweeping his floor.

No doubt it is callous to remain unmoved by this realistic picture of desolation. But German over-emphasis is to blame for the infinitely oppressive tedium of the overlong opening. When at long last drama stirs to reveal the real cause of his mental and moral paralysis, it is briefly, pictorially effective. But the conception of this German hero, haunted in 1945 by the memory of a German atrocity in Poland three years earlier, fails to ring true.



Cecil Parker as the Prince Regent in Columbia's production of *The First Gentleman*, which is adapted from the successful play by Norman Ginsbury. Cecil Parker, who is one of our most distinguished and versatile character actors, has the role of his career as the extravagant and scheming Regent. Prince Leopold is played by the young French actor, Jean-Pierre Aumont, and Princess Charlotte by Joan Hopkins



Anthony Cookman  
with Tom Titt

# At the Theatre

"Little Lambs Eat Ivy"  
(Ambassadors)



Charles Hickman, who ably directs the play

THIS frightfully bad play is highly diverting entertainment. Having so described the piece, one owes it to the author to explain, at the risk of seeming pedantic, that no play can be called good which happens to be as sentimental as *Caste* and as meaningless as *The Importance of Being Earnest*. No doubt the point occurred to Mr. Noel Langley long before the entertainment reached the theatre. Happily, he did not allow himself to be disconcerted by it. He went unblenchingly on with his job of concocting effective parts for a dozen players,

dropping in the jokes with the free hand of a good-natured cook making a pre-war plum-cake for the nursery.

STAGE families are much in fashion, and Lady Buckering's have the trick of it. They are sufficiently unlike any family to be amusingly fantastic, and they are at the same time sufficiently like every family to be endearing.

Lady Buckering owes the landlord of her Regent's Park house some three quarters' rent. Her charming vagueness enables her

to wipe off these arrears (temporarily, at all events, which is all that matters in the world of O.D.T.A.A.) by palming-off on her agent a bundle of worthless shares. This is amusing fantasy. Three of her daughters, and possibly also the fourth, who is upstairs preparing to have a baby, have phases of passionate unreasonableness; and in them we recognise something corresponding, however extravagantly, to the troubles of suburban home life.

BICKY and a frantic youth are doing their best to ram an insult down each other's throat. He feels he can no longer walk down Bond Street because someone has prematurely announced his engagement to Bicky. She is furious that he should resent a rumour that could never, never have any basis in fact. All that is the matter with them is that they are in love, and love to any true daughter of Lady Buckering involves a wild to-and-fro of bitter recrimination and belated repentance.

Catherine has fallen in love with the landlord's handsome agent. She, too, finds a rather obscure pretext to wallow in ecstasies of self-pity and despair. The young man is gallantly sympathetic, but the pretext remains as obscure to him as it is to us.

Gerda is outwardly self-contained, but there is a tortured soul within, and her troubles are not farcical, like her sisters', they are real. She is married to a literary man who is professedly wedded to a genius which is all too plainly worthless; and her parting with this brutal fool is meant to touch our hearts. Miss

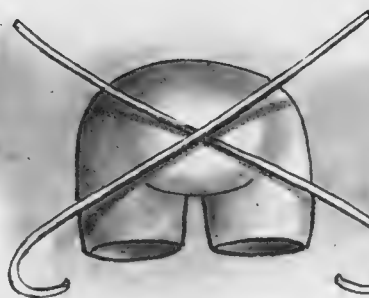
Jeanette Tregarthen manages the little scene beautifully.

WHILE the three girls are wallowing in real or fancied frustrations the tough Canadian husband of the sister upstairs is undergoing the tortures of the damned. Until an event which to him is unique in human history has taken place he can neither sleep nor eat, nor can he cease to reproach himself for angry words uttered in the carefree past. The wild-eyed expectant father has become a stock character of farce; yet Mr. Lionel Murton, given most resourceful support by the author, whips up the old stuff to a boil of fun. Mr. Murton's playing is a beautiful piece of seemingly unconscious humour.

ON the same plane of excellence is Miss Joan Haythorne's Lady Buckering. The widow gaily promises the impossible, she fails to notice the obviously possible, she is driven from sentimental pillar to farcical post, but she never ceases to cope; and Miss Haythorne unfailingly makes of her coping something exquisitely ludicrous or something faintly pathetic, according to the author's whim at the moment. There are admirable performances by Miss Joan Forrest, Mr. Richard Davies, Miss Gabrielle Welford, Mr. Arnold Bell and Miss Margot Lister. Indeed, the company as a whole are delightfully equal to their opportunities. The point of the play's title eludes me, but the meaning could well be that the little lambs will go on eating opposite the Ivy for a long time.



Portrait of a Distracted Family: Lady Buckering (Joan Hawthorne) pays the rent with bogus shares to Magill (Denis Gordon), keenly watched by Catherine (Gabrielle Welford). Circulating around, in various states of frenzy, are distracted father (Lionel Murton), nurse (Margot Lister) and doctor (Arnold Bell); quarrelling lovers observed by butler (Richard Davies, Joan Forrest, Howard Lamb), and, in front, horrible highbrow Wilfred (John Mackwood) lecturing wife Gerda (Jeanette Tregarthen).



Speleologists . . . Healing influences . . . Surplus babies . . . an Imperial age

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

# Standing By . . .

[Decorations  
by Wysard]

**S**PELEOLOGISTS, the curious chaps who crawl in and out of underground caverns on their bellies, like snakes, have just discovered the source of the Fountain of Vaucluse, in that secluded Provençal valley sacred to the loves of Petrarch and Laura (*Hôtel Pétrarque et Laure, confort moderne, garage. Restaurant Au Jardin de Pétrarque, vue agréable*).

Whether Petrarch's famous stuffed pussycat has survived World-War II we haven't heard. This cat was nicer to know than the poet Petrarch, a somewhat vain, upstage, and priggish type, who would not have welcomed speleologists to his contemplative solitude and would probably have abused them vilely in a silvery Italian sonnet-sequence. His furry pet is, or was, the only historic stuffed cat in existence, nobody having thought of stuffing Du Bellay's Bélaud or Dr. Johnson's Hodge or any of Baudelaire's cats, still less one of the moggies allowed by angelic Bishop Poore to anchoresses in the *Ancien Riwele*.

Cat-lovers will note that when Madonna Laura died of the Black Death, 600 years ago last week, Petrarch did not—unlike progressive Mr. Van Burtchell, whom we were recently admiring—have his late beloved stuffed for exhibition. The deduction seems obvious, but we must be getting on.

. . . Forward, forward, let us range,  
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing  
grooves of Change!

Or words to that effect.

## Swish

**B**IDDING the cane pursue its healing influences on the pants of youthful louts, a recent conference of State pedagogues demonstrated that not all the country is one vast quaking bog of sentimental mush, as one often suspects.

So many historic British pants have testified to the value of the cane, especially in the hands of prefects, that one feels many others could have done with a bit more; including perhaps one very illustrious pair, whose owner must have been a bit of a trial to the Sixth and to his dear preceptors equally. Or so one gathers from certain acid footnotes to *Stalky & Co.* contributed some time ago by Mr. G. C. Beresford ("McTurk") and General Dunsterville ("Stalky").

One or two living ornaments of the Intelligentsia were unfortunately kicked around at school not by lictors but by ardent amateurs, thus making them Marxist rebels, whereas official pant-fanning could have made them normal citizens. Or could it?

Each skull a box of worms before its time  
To fish for bloaters of subhuman crime  
In the backwaters of the Stygian gloom,  
Prawning for larvæ where the mildews bloom . . .

Even Roy Campbell, in that superb piece of invective *Flowering Rifle*, could think of

only about 98 epithets for the Charlies of Bloomsbury.

## Move

**S**TIMULATED by four roundels of painted glass recently unveiled in the village church at Selborne, Hants, to the memory of Gilbert White (whom we dearly love), British birdwatchers are soon likely to demand the closed shop and the 48-hour week, our spies report.

The essence of birdwatching is to have time on one's hands, and the simple clerical duties of the Rev. Gilbert White left him plenty, as he was the first to admit. On the other hand, the last thing birdwatchers want nowadays is a horde of idle rich women and bureaucrats and other unemployables staring at the birdies unchecked. The admission into the racket of little actresses temporarily "resting" is another matter. An overwhelming majority of the National Birdwatchers' Union is in favour of this step, for the following reasons:

1. Most birds love being watched from under long curly lashes by a pair of large, lustrous eyes;
2. Shy birds resent birdwatchers' faces but not (as is the case when some saucy wanton is on duty) their backs;
3. The presence of a butterfly of the Stage encourages gallantry among the uncouth;
4. Composition of amorous verse beguiles the tedium of a long day with Nature;
5. Jealousy leading to acts of violence will result in the survival of a more attractive type of birdwatcher (etc.).

A snarling minority of three argues that if actresses are admitted fewer and fewer British birds will be watched at all, thus making the Nature racket just a big nonsense. One hardly knows what to think, or at least one does.

## Loss

**I**F Dublin were completely wiped out (a thoughtful chap has been remarking, not for the first time), the modern Athens of Yeats and Synge and "Æ" and George Moore could be restored from the pages of *Ulysses*. Which, except that no Golden Age can be restored, is probably true, in a way.

Failing to bring back to (e.g.) the Bailey smoking-room the aura of that galaxy of poets and statesmen and wits who used it during the 1900's, archaeologists might be able at least to recreate a good stink of German professors; for the owlsh Boche, as readers of Senator Gogarty are aware, began prowling through Dublin's pubs very soon after the publication of *Ulysses* to map out the exact itinerary of Mr. Leopold Bloom.

Doubtless heavy tomes entitled *Beiträge zum Bloomproblem* or *Europas Trinksbesinnung durch Joyces Bierhauswandertag* resulted. What those

thick pedants could never reproduce was the Discourse of the Drinkers, to one of whom the Senator addressed the celebrated cry:

If medals were ordained for drinks,  
Or soft communings with a minx (etc.).

There's a pub off Fleet Street likewise where the wits once drank. All it needs to-day is to be washed and laid out decently with tall candles of unbleached wax, a duty the undertaker-in-charge has so far overlooked.

## Enigma

**A**CITIZEN fringing with curiosity concerning those three tall crumbling statues adorning the melancholy fountain at the bottom of Park Lane can go on asking the oracles of Fleet Street, we guess. Even in Park Lane's orchidaceous heyday nobody knew who they were, an aged boulevardier once assured us.

Naturally there were guesses, he said, ranging from the improbable, such as "Knight, Frank, & Rutley," to the impossible, such as "half the Six Brothers Luck", an Alhambra comedy-turn. He himself guessed the Wertheimer Family (Mrs. and the girls—see group by Sargent, National Gallery) in fancy dress, but later found the figures were male. His final guess was three Paladins of British Story, he added, and changed the subject. We brought him back to it, being interested in the period.

"Which three?"

"I don't know. It was an Imperial age. Maybe Joel, Eckstein, and Albu?"

They look to us more like allegorical figures; possibly Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience, virtues greatly admired in Park Lane at one time. As if you cared.

## Change

**R**ECENT reforms at the Foundling Hospital would undoubtedly have been heartily approved by its founder, Captain Thomas Coram, the most angelic old ruddy-faced seaman in our rough Island story and everybody's Daddy.

Conditions have somewhat changed since Coram's day. The Race no longer abandons its unwanted offspring in the gutter, but parks it tidily on doorsteps or in church-pews. The Foundling Chapel is no longer a fashionable Sunday morning resort—one wonders how some of our dashing Georgian forbears had the nerve to attend—with organ-recitals by Handel. Great Coram Street near by is no longer what Thackeray's neighbour Mr. Jorrocks described in the 1830's as the pleasantest street in London. Bloomsbury itself . . . but let it rot, sweethearts. There as elsewhere, doubtless, the custom of tipping surplus babies into the ash-can continues as in Coram's time.



" . . . three bird-watchers "



## Sabretache

# Pictures in the Fire



that it matters little, maybe, whither we go, for the grace of the day is the same."

## Metaphors

A most erudite correspondent writes me complaining that in a recent article by someone, whose writings I have always avidly devoured ("Scrutator"), he refrains from doing the very thing which, in a recent note in this page, I said that the modern diplomat was far too fond of doing. In these days people prefer to call a spade a something shovel; but, on the other hand, it is plumb foolish to throw a cigarette-end into a keg of gunpowder, and so I think that under present circumstances it was quite permissible for the distinguished writer to say: "The action . . . can, if persisted in, lead to no peaceful conclusion"; and, "The declarations were right in the sense that no other course could be squared with honour. But they remain to be implemented."

Of course it is obvious, as my correspondent points out, that all this could have been condensed into four words of one syllable each: but again I say, "Would it have been tactful?" Tact is the same thing as hands on a horse—or in a boat. It has been said that you can find a bit for every horse's mouth. This may be so, but unless the right hands are on the other end of the tapes, the animal will run away just the same.

fashioned that way, he could never keep away from it, and in it he found his last resting-place.

The Spray, which Joshua Slocum built himself out of some bits and pieces of a derelict ship of the same name, was nothing more than a ship's boat. Her lines were like the old ships of the Vikings, as those of every good ship should be. When he had finished her she was only 36 ft. 9 ins. over-all, with 14 ft. 2 ins. beam and 4 ft. 2 ins. depth in the hold, with a tonnage of 9 tons nett and 12 and 71-hundredths tons gross. The *Liberdade*, which Slocum also designed and built, was even smaller, 35 ft. over-all, 7 ft. 6 ins. beam, with a draught of 2 ft. 6 ins.

## Last Voyage

It was in these little cockleshells that this fine sailorman made the most astounding voyages in the whole history of the sea. There can be little doubt that on her last voyage in 1909 from Bristol R.I. to the Orinoco, she was cut down in the night by one of the steamers across whose sea-lines she was sailing. Mr. Arthur Ransome has written a charming introduction, and at the end of it he says with reference to the loss of the Spray: "Be that as it may, the Spray sailed on her last voyage, but she and her Captain have joined the Immortals, and are sailing still, and will sail on and on so long as men can read his lovable and simple-hearted book."

In his "Greeting" to the *Liberdade* book, Joshua Slocum discloses the whole philosophy of his life: "Be the current against us what matters it? Be it in our favour, we are carried hence to what place, or for what purpose? Our plan of the whole voyage is so insignificant

## Scoreboard



END-OF-TERM football Report on rather junior relative: "At present he kicks his opponents more often, and harder, than the ball." Old masters of the art of Report-writing return to mind. My whilom form-master is on the short list: "Inaccessible to remonstrance," and "Responds

to invective"; these copious phrases present to my eyes the captain of our cricket eleven and the conker-champion of Remove B.

Then there was the mathematical master, inventor of a patent golf-tee, who wrote of a student: "Whether his stupidity is feigned, acquired, or hereditary, I commit to the decision of his progenitors."

NOT long ago the Sports Bulletin announced that, within the space of one sun-kissed day, England had lost 2—5 to the Netherlands at Soccer, 0—15 to France at Rugby, and been dismissed by the West Indies at cricket, on a perfect pitch, for 227. We were playing Snooker's Pool at the time, and the thought of England's shame nearly put me off my game. Nearly, but not quite; for, with one stroke, I slotted the black in the right centre pocket, went in off it in the left bottom pocket, with a semi-circular sweep of my cue knocked a gin and Angostura bitters into the fireplace, and recoiled into the lap of the somnolent secretary.

Who, by the way, was Mr. Snooker? And when did he invent his Pool? Encyclopædists, don't bother to write.

FEW things in games are more inexplicable than sudden loss of confidence. I remember that great golfer Leonard Crawley, while playing in the

final of the English Championship at Saunton, being unable to bring down his club from the top of the swing. There he stood, like a statue of a man in the Correct Position for Striking the Ball; perfect in all but his power to strike.

John de Forest, now Count John de Bendor, used similarly to be seized up on the putting-greens. The ball would lie, inviting and at rest, two feet from the hole. An old lady could have nudged it in with the ferrule of her umbrella; and de Forest, Amateur Champion of 1932 and runner-up in 1931, would walk about it and about, like a dog circumnavigating a bone. Partisan spectators covered their eyes or hurried muttering from the scene. Likewise, I have heard of chess-masters who could not bear to move a piece. They would fidget a knight backwards and forwards till it looked like the finish of the Derby.

But, of all sportsmen, games-orators get most hopelessly bogged. I was once present at a cricket dinner when the chief speaker for the opposition fell into an irrecoverable groove. "Desperate situations," he said, "demand—er—desperate situations; and desperate situations demand, well, desperate situations." In which desperate situation he continued to be situated, till the home captain, a member of the N.F.S., rose and called his club to sing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." And so he was.

ON Sunday next, Captain C. B. Fry, R.N.R., will be seventy-six years of age. Many happy returns to the greatest all-rounder of head, hand and foot that England has produced in the last seventy-six years. The Captain still superintends the training ship *Mercury*, and sends me Latin verse on green memorandum chits.

RC. Robertson-Jones

WHILST a whole Empire is united in wishing joy to our well-beloved Sovereign and his equally well-beloved Queen upon the joyous occasion of their Silver Wedding, it is justifiable to claim that by no section of their subjects are Their Majesties held in greater affection and regard than by that which is intimately connected with sport. In the fox-hunting, racing, shooting and lawn tennis worlds, H.M. the King is not only well known, but has won a definite measure of distinction, and in one of these departments, fox-hunting, Her Majesty (likewise the Heiress Presumptive) holds a world record—a fact which is not generally known!

The King has yet to win the Derby and the Grand National as his grandsire did before him, but he has had many notable successes in the other classics on the flat, and, with God's blessing, there is still plenty of time ahead for the major triumph to be added to the score already put up by such as Big Game (the Two Thousand 1942), Sun Chariot and Hypericum (the One Thousand in 1942 and 1946), Sun Chariot (the Oaks 1942) and Sun Chariot (the Leger 1942). Steeplechasing has not yet attracted His Majesty, but before he came to the throne, hunting did very considerably, and he won his spurs in some of the best-known countries in England; notably with the Pythchley, of whose demesne "Brooksby" (Pennell-Elmhirst) wrote that only a good horse could get over the country at all, and that a bad one would spoil your nerve. There is many a fence in that region with growers as thick as a python or the best boa constrictor ever hatched out of a snake's egg, and much more formidable than any made-up steeplechase fence in the wide world.

## In Leicestershire

HIS MAJESTY was also well known in Leicestershire with all the three great packs which pivot upon Melton, and he likewise hunted with the one originally called the South Quorn, and to-day Fernie's, where the timber will stretch any play-actor hunter for dead in a brace of shakes. Old Sir Dick Sutton sent his son there to "larn" him not to override hounds as disgracefully as he was wont to do in his father's country, the Quorn, which used to be as charming a place for a ride in the wake of a pack of hounds, as any decent, God-fearing man could wish to find.

The King's talent as a small-game shot is inherited from his father. H.M. King George V. was first-class. There is little doubt, I venture to think, that H.M. King George VI. would have been equally deadly if he had ever had a chance at the clawing and roaring beasts of the jungle, for a tiger is just as quick as a snipe, and not always as easy to see.

Wimbledon once had the chance of seeing the King in the doubles (with Sir Louis Greig), and if H.M. had had more time for practice, there is not much doubt that he would have gone into the front line in lawn tennis. But all this apart, it is in another place that the King and Queen have won their most secure throne, the Heart of this great Empire. A Health unto Their Majesties!

## The Call of the Sea

CAPTAIN JOSHUA SLOCUM's two books, *Sailing Alone Around the World* and *Voyage of the Liberdade*, with which probably many people are familiar, have just been republished in one volume by Rupert Hart Davis at 8s. 6d., and, even in this condensed form, are better value than some other recent replications. *Sailing Alone Around the World* was first published in 1900 and the other in 1894. Joshua Slocum was an American, bred and brought up to the sea, the love of its scent was in his nostrils, and, like all others who are



# Elizabeth Bowen's Book Reviews

"Silver Wedding"

"The Last Pre-Raphaelite"

"An Attle in Jermyn Street"

Richard Jefferies is being handsomely commemorated in a uniform edition of his works published by the Lutterworth Press, the second volume of which, *Field and Hedgerow* (10s. 6d.), consisting of Jefferies' last essays, has just been published. As the editor, Mr. Samuel J. Looker, says, "The bulk of the volume well illustrates the range of his idealistic but pellucid mind." The wood engravings by Agnes Miller Parker, illustrated here, are superb in line and texture



"SILVER WEDDING," by Louis Wulff, M.V.O. (Sampson Low, Marston; 8s. 6d.), is "The Record of Twenty-five Royal Years." It's a beautiful volume, worthy of its occasion—April 26th, 1948. All of us who will be at once sharing and honouring the happiness of the King and Queen on this twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage will be conscious of the family tie, the deeply human relationship between them and their subjects, here and in the Dominions; and Mr. Wulff, in his writing, strikes this note.

Photographs, and two coloured double plates, accompany this story of the Royal Family's life, public and private. The wide range of these pictures, and of the scenes and occasions they conjure up, is admirable—the wedding itself, when the sun broke through the greyness of that morning in April 1923; King George V's Jubilee; the Coronation; the tours of the Dominions; the infancy and childhood of the Princesses; the war years, in which all troubles were shared; the Victory thanksgivings; Princess Elizabeth's wedding. . . . The two photographs on the same page, showing two successive Royal brides, mother then daughter, smiling down from the same Buckingham Palace balcony, are charming.

The intense interest we feel in the Royal home-life is only checked by the honour in which we hold its privacy. While remaining guiltless of intrusion, Mr. Wulff gives us satisfying accounts of the household, of the domestic routine, and of happy hours spent at the Palace, at Windsor Castle, Sandringham, Balmoral and Royal Lodge. . . . *Silver Wedding*, written out of a full heart for full hearts, should find its way into every home.

"THE LAST PRE-RAPHAELITE," by Douglas Goldring (Macdonald; 15s.), is a portrait-biography—subject, Ford Madox Ford, born Ford Madox Hueffer. A complex and fascinating character, if ever there was one! The artistic temperament is held, at least by some, to cover a multitude of sins, but the most striking thing about *this* writer is what might be described as his anti-temperament, his desire to play the part of a plain man. He was born, in December 1873, into the heart of the Aesthetic movement; he died in June 1939—three months before the outbreak of that Second World War which he had felt it his mission to attempt to avert. As a forty-two-year-old second-lieutenant, he had seen active service in the First World War, from which sprang his magnificent *Tietjens* novels. His long life had as background a vivid, violently-

changing literary and social scene—the artistically dressed little "Fordy" Hueffer who sported at the feet of august Pre-Raphaelites was to become a lion of Paris of the 1920's and the not-always-unwilling prey of every celebrity-hunter in New York.

Ford Madox Brown was his grandfather, William Michael Rossetti his uncle by marriage. We have our first view of the "little victim" on view at a dinner-party at the Madox Brown house in Fitzroy Square:

Before being ushered into the big dining-room, to be dandled on august knees and regaled with tit-bits of marrons glacés and meringues by poets, painters and poet-painters, his protecting smock was removed, and he was revealed, blushing and stammering, in his æsthetic finery. This consisted of a green corduroy suit with gold buttons, which showed up his platinum blond curls. A final picturesque touch, which no doubt increased his discomfort, was the fact that one of his stockings was scarlet, the other green. His girl-mother . . . herself a promising artist in her own right, was no doubt justly proud of her first-born, who had been called Ford after his grandpapa.

## Words Without Songs

TONE POEM: HERRAGWAINÉ

(From the Outlandish)

"Give me six bald loaves of bread,"  
Said Herragwainé,  
"Tear out their moist withins!"  
"Withins?" said Gerf. "Withins?"  
Is that a word for the glottis of woman,  
Speech for the neck of the sex?  
Withins, when you're meaning the tripes?  
Withins, for insides?  
Bread-tripes? Ach!"

"Great thinning strainer of words,"  
Spat Herragwainé,  
"Blancher of throat-red talk,  
Give me the brain-wet dough,  
The yeast that spumes like the phagocytes' seething,  
Foam of the ferment!" Said Gerf—  
"And have you no fear of the froth,  
Moss-mouthing tweed-tongued  
Felt-lip? Ach!"

Justin Richardson

Was it, or was it not—asks Mr. Goldring, early on in the book—an advantage to have been born into this "forcing-house of genius"? Ford Madox Ford himself would seem to have thought not. In his book *Mightier than the Sword* (1938), he said of the eminent Victorians—the Ruskins and Carlyles and Wilberforces and Holman Hunts and Wagners—that "they ringed in my young horizon, mitching and mowing and telling each other disagreeable stories, each one about all the others who were out of earshot. Yes, that bitter, enormous greybeard assembly of the Great ringed in my child's horizon. And yet I don't know that it was merely a matter of childhood, it was perhaps an abiding claustrophobia, so that, as my eyes take their last glance at the world, I may seem to see myself surrounded by barriers of the Victorian Academic Great."

THE position of a young genius in an unappreciative, pedestrian middle-class family is probably more straightforward: he can always rebel. In Ford's case, there was nothing to rebel against, which may in itself have been frustrating. He behaved, in fact, with what his distinguished seniors found to be admirable conformity—published his first book when he was eighteen, eloped, when only a year or two older, with a girl he had known at school, and lived a young married life, of whose simplicity and idealism William Morris would thoroughly have approved, in a series of dampish cottages in the Romney Marsh area. He became Joseph Conrad's neighbour, collaborator and friend, and also moved into the urbane circle surrounding Henry James in his house at Rye.

The rebellion, however, came by delay action: in middle life, Ford Madox Ford went through a violent revulsion against the manner in which he had spent his early days. The bright lights called him—he could not have enough of big cities, gay cosmopolitans, bars, travel in Mediterranean sunshine. He also—which in some quarters was held against him—invented for himself an entirely fictitious youth, said he had been at Eton, hinted at the career of a typical member of the *jeunesse dorée*. (He had, in fact, attended an excellent school at Folkestone). . . . There seems little doubt that the leading of a less "special" life would have made Ford a less difficult and more balanced man. The emotional conflicts of his middle life might have been avoided—or might, at any rate, have been less acute. As it was, he was often in bad odour; rows of every kind accumulated along his path; his progress towards the fame he deserved was slow. —It says much for him that, throughout all these crises.



his work gained, steadily, in integrity and in strength. Ironically, while his reputation soared in America and in France, it was never so high here in his own country—Mr. Goldring, however, believes that Britain is now due for a Ford Madox Ford revival. The *Tietjens* novels are in print again.

The end of the 1914-18 war found Ford at the beginning of his most important phase. He had left the Army, Mr. Goldring tells us, "tougher in character though impaired in health, and emotionally deepened, if the word 'emotion' can be used to cover the passions of the mind. He left it also very much advanced in his political thinking. His 'ivory tower' period was definitely over. All humanity was now his preoccupation. He was spiritually prepared for the advance from being a good novelist to becoming a great one."

That war had, also, terminated the somewhat troublous relationship with the woman novelist Violet Hunt—cause of the break-up of his once-happy marriage. Other alliances were to follow—Ford's was a life in which women played a big part. Mr. Goldring's handling of that side of the story is to be praised for directness and delicacy. Equally good is the account of the golden London years (from the literary point of view) of Ford Madox Ford's editorship of *The English Review*, and the vivid, engaging pictures of post-war Montparnasse.

WITH *An Attic in Jermyn Street* (Dent; 10s. 6d.), Robert Henry gives us his first "straight" novel. His gift for

## BOWEN ON BOOKS

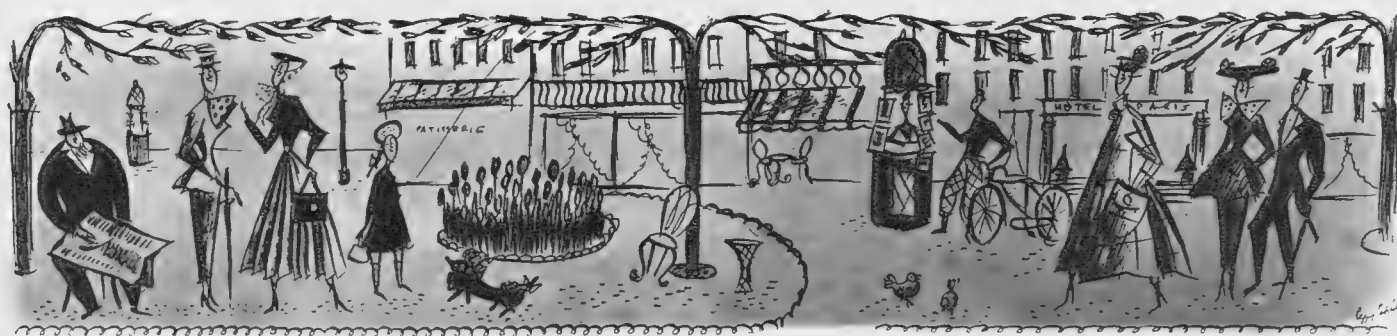
making places and moments live has already displayed itself in his famous wartime London trilogy, his Thames-side chronicle and his Normandy farmhouse series: it is not surprising that, from the first page of *An Attic in Jermyn Street*, the reader should have an acute sense of the actuality of everything depicted. I think the remarks on the wrapper as to "that flair for the glamour of ordinary living that characterises all Robert Henry's writing," and as to his "zest for the experience of the senses" unusually to-the-point and true.

At the start, perhaps, his heroine, Corinne Gay, is a little difficult to detach from her surroundings—which, being London seen through Mr. Henry's eyes, fascinate us no less than they fascinate her. Corinne has left her home and family in the country to try her fortunes in Fleet Street: seeking somewhere to live, she establishes herself in the attic flat of an atmospheric but decidedly ambiguous Jermyn Street house otherwise occupied by ladies of the *demi-monde*. Naïvety and country goodness of heart stand Corinne, however, in good stead: she forms several unusual friendships; and when her romance with a gifted young painter of good family culminates in an engagement, Claud does not (as one might have feared) show any conventional reaction of dismay as to his beloved's choice of a habitat.

One reads on, up to that point, under the spell of Mr. Henry's infectious feeling for happiness—perhaps with a feeling, from time to time, that Corinne's fortunes are running almost *too* smoothly. However—as does so often happen—this marriage is, for the charming, high-spirited girl, the beginning of grown-up life: she is now to find herself in conflict not only with her husband's temperament but with her own—hitherto unguessed-at, full of pitfalls, baffling.

CORINNE who, at the start, had looked on, wondering, at the pitiful sexual dramas of Jermyn Street, is to find herself taken by the throat, shaken, by the demon of her own capacity for jealousy. Her honeymoon in her husband's French house is overshadowed by the suspicion that the maid there has been his mistress. The nightmarishly difficult birth of her child brings further depths to the surface of Corinne's nature; the outbreak of war temporarily draws her and Claud nearer together; but subsequent years of separation, anxiety and domestic strain all nourish Corinne's fatal gift for unhappiness—when Claud comes home again she can but drive him from her. . . .

The end is, convincingly and triumphantly, happy—one needs that, for Mr. Henry has taken one through deep waters. . . . *An Attic in Jermyn Street* is a remarkable novel—remarkable most of all in its alternations between the joys of the senses, at their most innocent, and the dire extremities of the soul.



## Priseilla in Paris Return of an Idol

PRESIDENT VINCENT AURIOL is known as a kindly paterfamilias as well as a grand statesman; and now we are wondering whether he is not, also, gifted with second sight, since he was able to plan a fisherman's holiday on the Riviera for the week-end when the Prix de Président de la République would have been run at Auteuil had the "lads" not gone on strike, thus preventing the race, which was postponed to a later date.

Although we grumble at the high cost of existence, we are living in an age of galas and charity performances. Our lovelies appear at them in new frocks every time with their escorts in full evening dress. These frocks can be priced from 50,000 to 250,000 francs. At the gala given to raise funds for a monument to General Leclerc the programmes cost 1000 francs, and the sale of these alone brought in 500,000 francs.

Such details, however, need not unduly alarm our expected tourists. All the big stores are running a line of charming "little" dresses priced from three or four guineas upwards—and no coupons are needed. In the ordinary way of things theatre programmes only cost a few pennies in English money, and when the programme vendors insinuatingly murmur: "it costs me 20 francs," hoping for an extra tip, the correct reply is: "that's what it costs me, too!" One must not let one's kind heart worry, they get their cut out of the 20.

THE bells are joyously ringing for Josephine Baker who has returned from her country home near Périgueux where she has been resting since her return from South America after her tour

with Jo Bouillon, her husband, the orchestra leader. When a foreign artiste makes good over here it is pleasant to see how faithful the public remains to its idol. The welcome Josie received after her nine-year-long absence from the Paris stage has been really touching to see. She is loved not only because she is a great little entertainer, not only because her legs are even more shapely than those of our ineffable Mistinguett, and not only because she has one of the finest war records that any woman can boast of, but simply because she is lovable. Even those amongst the audience who have not seen her before and who do not know her generosity and kindness, feel the mysterious, magnetic "something" that makes one aware that she is a dear.

A NEWCOMER who has conquered the town overnight is Edana Romney. *Tout Paris* is queuing up outside the Marbeuf cinema to see *The Corridor of Mirrors* which the critics hail as one of the finest British productions yet seen. At the Press showing and reception Miss Romney delighted everyone. She was acclaimed as the most charming and unaffected across-Channel star that has yet been welcomed to this city. Since the Press usually hands out superlatives this in no way reflects upon the charm and unaffectedness of any other film star, past or future.

Of course, we are patting ourselves on the back because most of the scenes were shot at the Buttes Chaumont studios. Personally I rather wish that something could have been done to warm up these studios. It somewhat marred the glamour of the

gorgeous Venetian scenes to see little gusts of congealed breath issuing from Eric Portman's lips—but I fear that I am a captious critic.

IN fair exchange—at least one hopes it will be considered fair—many French artistes are appearing in London this spring. Several of them are already known, since they have been seen on the silver screen. One of them, Mary Morgan (no relation to Michèle) is probably also known to visitors to Deauville; in private life she is Mme. Fossorier, wife of the mayor of that famous summer resort. M. Fossorier tells a good story about one of his *agents de police* who concluded the lecture he read to the driver of a car who had failed to stop for the red light with the pathetic remark: "You see, monsieur, if you don't obey our signals you make us look so foolish, and I am sure you would not wish to do that!"

Sound psychology on the part of the agent. The offender never offended again. That summer, anyway.

Voilà!

● The famous actor-dramatist was returning from the theatre with a friend. "I wonder," he said, as he drew out his latchkey on arriving home, "what they will inscribe above this door when I am dead." Pat came the reply from his matter-of-fact companion: "'House to Let,' of course!"

# THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



**Brown — Burdekin**

Capt. Ian Dowdall Brown, the Lancashire Fusiliers, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. John Dowdall Brown, of Bournemouth, married Miss Daphne Elizabeth Burdekin, younger daughter of Mrs. R. A. N. Burdekin, of Lancaster Court, W.1, at the Brompton Oratory



**Murray Wells — Gillam**

Mr. Hugh Murray Wells, of Sledmere, son of Mr. J. Murray Wells, and of the late Mrs. Murray Wells, of Oadby, Leicestershire, married Miss Florence Cynthia Gillam, only daughter of the late Major T. H. J. Gillam and Mrs. Gillam, of North Grimston House, Yorkshire, at St. Michael's, Malton, Yorks



**Franklin — Hutchings**

Mr. Anthony Harold Bevington Franklin, only son of the late Mr. H. Franklin, and of Mrs. Franklin, of The White House, Frinton-on-Sea, married Miss Virginia Katharine Hutchings, only daughter of Brig. and Mrs. C. M. Hutchings, of Emperor's Gate, S.W.7, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



**Robertson-Macdonald — Stephen**

Lt. David S. Robertson-Macdonald, son of Cdr. and Mrs. A. D. J. Robertson-Macdonald, of Chelsea, S.W.3, married Miss Mary Frances Stephen, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Stephen



**Peniakoff — Firth**

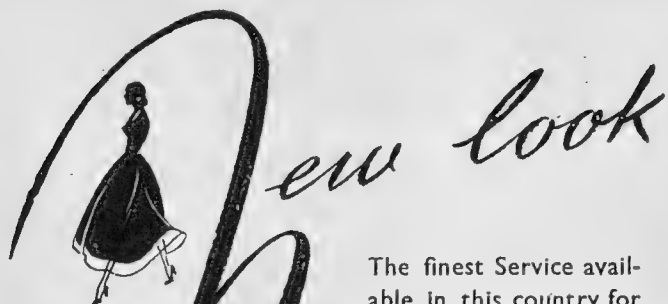
Lt.-Col. Vladimir Peniakoff, D.S.O., M.C., married Miss Pamela Firth, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Firth, of Wixoe Mill, Halstead, Essex, at Holy Trinity, Prince Consort Road



**Noble — Shanks**

The marriage took place at St. James's, Spanish Place, of Mr. Christopher Noble and Miss Deirdre Shanks, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Shanks, of Park Square West, London, and of Monte, Madeira





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# THE "LITTLE" DRESS OF SUMMER

Afternoon occasions throughout the summer demand a "little" dress—something charming, easy to wear and yet adaptable to semi-formal occasions.

Left: The *Spectator* model is in smoke-blue crêpe with crystal pleating on the bodice-front and sleeves. At *Fenwick's*, of Bond Street. The navy and white straw below, and the burnt straw left, from *Langee*.

Below: *Spectator* make the navy crêpe with its wide-spreading skirt showing a petticoat frill of white lace and with white lace peeping from the cuffs and neckline. At *Marshall and Snelgrove*, Small Ladies' Department.



**FASHION  
PAGE**  
by  
**Winifred  
Lewis**





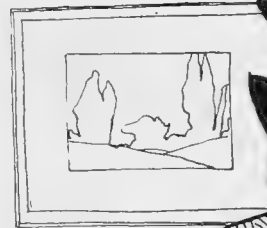


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## The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



# Spectator

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Hartip

**Miss Elspeth Bridget Miller**, only daughter of Maj.-Gen. Charles H. Miller, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., and Mrs. Miller, of Carrington House, Hertford Street, W.1, who is to marry in May, Major John Hood Bowman, Coldstream Guards, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Bowman, of Wynnastay Gardens, W.8



Faney

**Miss Elizabeth Ann Devitt**, second daughter of the late Sir Philip Devitt, Bt., and of Lady Devitt, of Cottesmore Gardens, W.8, who is engaged to Acting Captain (S) Harry P. Koelle, Royal Navy, of Rose Court Mansions, Palace Street, London



Pearl Freeman

**Miss Sarah (Sally) Van Der Gucht**, daughter of Major and Mrs. G. T. Van der Gucht, of Stoney Cross, Heathway, Camberley, who is to be married next month to Captain Michael Holme, M.C., the Essex Regiment, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Holme, late of Lockers Park, Hemel Hempstead



Navan

**Miss Eleanor Hinde**, daughter of Mr. W. Stanley Hinde, of Brasted, Kent, and of Mrs. Eunice Hinde, of Worth, Sussex, who is engaged to Mr. Peter Seymour, younger son of the late Dr. T. P. Seymour, and Mrs. Seymour, of Burntwood, Penn, Buckinghamshire



**Miss Gillian Pauline Attfield**, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Attfield, of Colombo, Ceylon, who is to be married in July to Major John Michael Watson Badcock, Royal Signals, only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Badcock, of Palmers Lodge, Petham, near Canterbury



Elliott & Fry

**Miss Barbara Ann Bristow**, younger daughter of Sir Charles and Lady Bristow, of Brinton Grange, Norfolk, who is to marry Lieut. Howard Richard Clutterbuck, D.S.C., Royal Navy, son of Cmdr. R. I. Clutterbuck, R.N. (Retd.) and Mrs. Clutterbuck, of Rowington, Warwickshire



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# MOTORING NOTES

ULTRA-MODERN coachwork is attractive to look at, and aerodynamically sound, but the carrying space inside the car both for passengers and luggage is usually severely restricted. The Italians have shown that they lead the world with this type of body. The latest American cars are considerably lower built than their predecessors but, to our eyes, the shape, while admittedly attractive, is spoilt by masses of chromium plate. They have, however, excellent room inside the body. By our standards they are large and must of necessity have bigger engines than are economically sound in countries where running costs are an important factor.

Too many new British cars, unfortunately, closely resemble the appearance of 1937 models. Our "New Look" must combine modern lines with passenger comfort, and be built on a chassis with good independent springing, while still retaining the individuality and good interior finish associated with our cars.

## Racing at Luton Hoo

THE speed trials at Luton Hoo, organized by the Vintage Sports Car Club for racing cars on Easter Monday, and described in last week's issue, were a great success. The entries ranged from the very small 500 c.c. cars up to such giants of the Edwardian era as a 1908 Itala of no less than 12 litres, and a 1910 F.I.A.T. of 10 litres capacity.

From the spectators' point of view, this form of racing is less exciting to watch than a genuine race with a massed start and the cars competing directly against each other. The fact that about fifteen thousand people

paid to enter is proof that the following for motor racing among the public is there. But where is the track?

## Selling Abroad

COLONEL A. C. R. WAITE, a director of the Austin Motor Company, has recently returned from making an extensive tour of Australia, and the Chairman, Mr. L. P. Lord is now in South America, after a particularly successful visit to the U.S.A. There is every chance that the States will soon replace Belgium as the chief importer of British cars. They took more of our cars this February than during the whole of 1947, which is most encouraging.

## Rear Engines

ALTHOUGH the idea of mounting the engine at the back is not new, and many such designs have appeared in the past, there is only a handful of manufacturers who favour this position for the engine to-day, and none of these are British. The rear engine provides excellent visibility for the driver, the absence of the propeller shaft makes a flat floor possible, there is very little mechanical noise, and a good streamlined shape for the body is easy to obtain. The disadvantages are, that there is no protection for the occupants in the event of an accident, it is bitterly cold in winter unless heating is provided, it is not so easy to cool the engine, and if a skid develops when there is so much weight concentrated at the back, it is harder to correct than if the engine were in the usual position.

Technically there are no great



Lord Strathearn who contributes these notes. He is a keen racing motorist and is here seen at the wheel of his car

difficulties attached to manufacturing a rear-engined car, but it would take considerable sales ability to persuade the public that the proper place for the engine is not necessarily in the front.

## It's Cheaper by Taxi

THE new petrol allowance for pleasure is a very meagre affair indeed. Even with the road tax halved and insurance premiums reduced, the cost of motoring ninety miles a month will be exorbitant, and works out at more than a shilling a mile on a medium sized car. Motorists with "E" or "S" coupons will get no pleasure allowance, but will have to save enough out of their allocation to equal the new standard ration. This scheme is to work for a period of six months. The most economical way to use the new issue of coupons will be to travel 540 miles in one month and then lay the car up again for the remaining five months. One can then claim a rebate on the tax and insurance, thereby considerably reducing the running cost per mile.

## EXPORT

Here at home would-be readers of THE TATLER may meet with difficulties in placing their order; but THE TATLER is also an export. Your friends overseas can be supplied without delay. Subscription rates on application to: The Publisher, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

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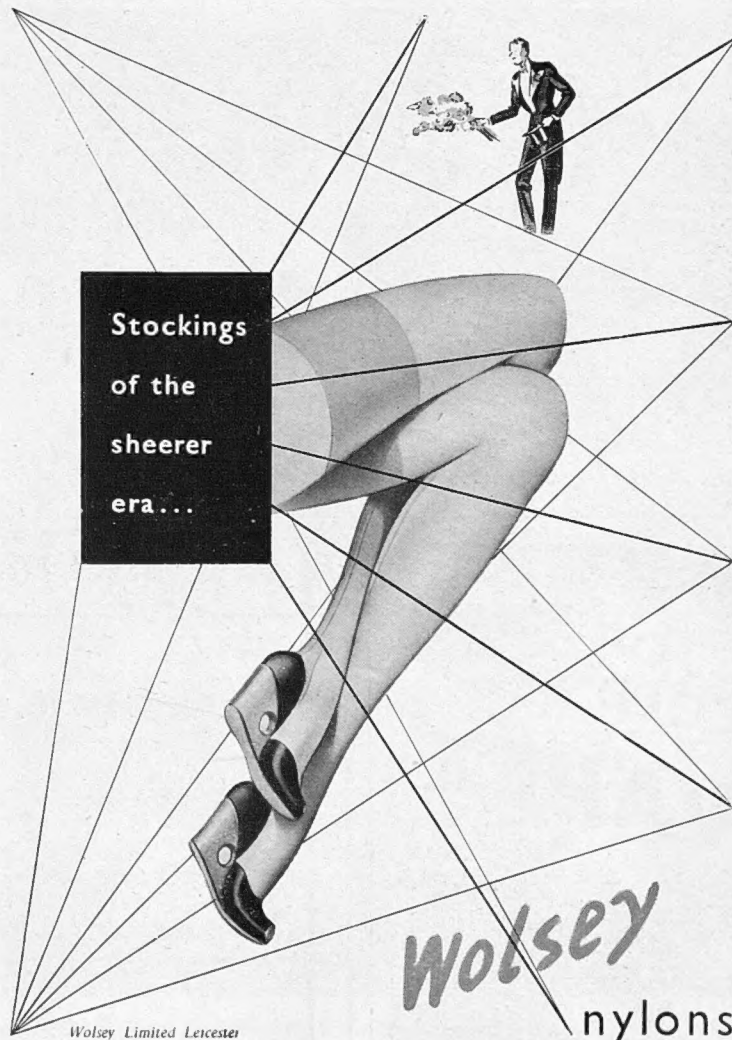


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★ or Lime Juice. Use the ★  
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The new 'Myers' recipe booklet is full of good ideas. Not only for drinks but for using rum in the kitchen. Ask your supplier for FREE copy or write to: Gillespie Bros. & Co. Ltd., Dept. W8, 82 Fenchurch St., London, E.C.3.



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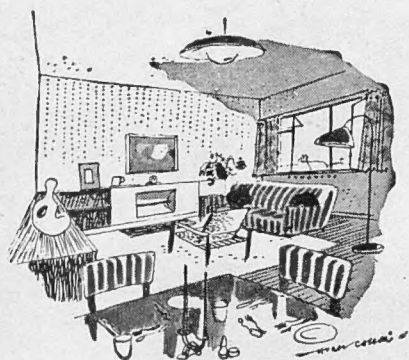
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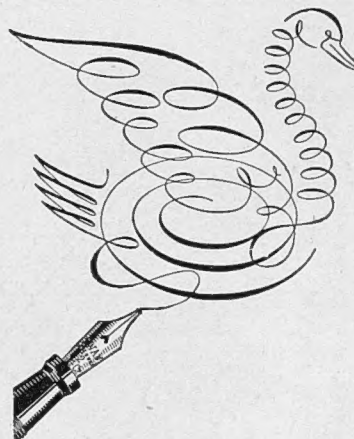
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## PAR PIGEON

"D'you like pigeon pie?"

"No, why?"

"Well, there's the filling for one perched on our window sill."

"What make of pigeon?"

"Oh, just the common Trafalgar Square drone."

"He'll probably be directed

into the postal service."

"Intelligent things, carrier pigeons. We had one in the Squadron who never failed to return. We called her Rosy."

"Which reminds me, a highly reliable little bird told me today that Rose's Lime Juice is on sale again though not yet in large quantities."

**ROSE'S**—There is no substitute

## LETTERS THAT LIVE



### Robert Louis Stevenson to his father and mother

"My dearest People,—I have had a great piece of news. There has been offered for *Treasure Island*—how much do you suppose? A hundred pounds, all alive, O! A hundred, jingling, tingling, golden, minted quid. Is not this wonderful?... it does look as if I should support myself without trouble in the future."

"Your loving and ecstatic son,  
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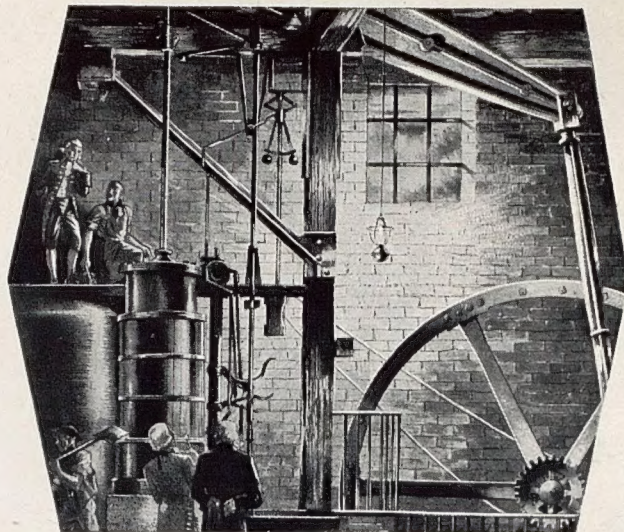
## Service to Industry—!

Although handicapped by shortages, British Railways are steadily recovering from the strain of the war years. Wagon repairs are quickening, traffic is moving more freely and all restrictions on freight forwarding have been removed.

British Railways already carry everything, everywhere, from door to door. Their aim now is gradually to improve the speed and certainty of their freight services and to raise the standard of the railways' service to industry.

**BRITISH RAILWAYS**

## WHITBREAD IN ENGLISH HISTORY



THREE immortal names in engineering are associated with Whitbread enterprise in the XVIII century—Watt, Rennie and Smeaton. Steam power was introduced by James Watt with an engine of "35 horses," later increased to "70 horses." Rennie applied this new power to the brewing machinery, and Smeaton constructed six vast subterranean chambers. Now, as then, it is traditional with Whitbread's to take immediate practical advantage of every mechanical and technical improvement applicable to brewing.

*Estd. 1742*

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*Brewers of Ale and Stout*

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